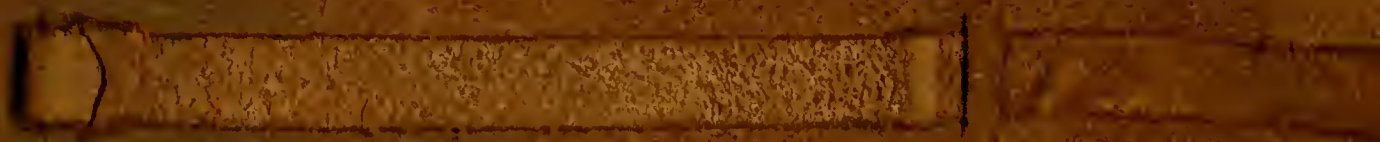
The Bluestocking

1915



Presented to the Mary
Baldwin College Alumnae
Office August 20, 1959
by
Ida Bocock Smith

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Resolved–
Trifles make perfection–
but perfection is no trifle.
The result–Latin+Science
+German+French=Diploma.
Live to Learn and Learn
to live in M.B.S.
Your friend,
The Experienced Schoolgirl
SULLENBERGER

THE BLUESTOCKING

Published by

The Senior Literary Society

MARY BALDWIN SEMINARY, 1914-'15

STAUNTON, VIRGINIA

To

Miss Abbie Morrison McFarland

Admired by y^e^ faculty

Honored and loved by y^e^ student-body

We do gratefully dedicate y^e^

Bluestocking of 1914-'15

Contents

BOOK I
Classes

BOOK II
Literary Department

BOOK III
Clubs

BOOK IV
School Life

Foreword

THIS BLUESTOCKING comes to ye student-body with ye desire that each one may find something which will bring to her happy memories of Mary Baldwin. Here in ye BLUESTOCKING is a record of ye things ye have made possible for us to collect. Is it original? Is it clever? Is it pleasing? Yes, so far as ye have made your year original, clever, and pleasing. If ye are not satisfied it is your short comings that ye Annual could not help showing. Our task accomplished, we leave Miss Barbour's class room, our work shop, to be thoroughly cleaned, all useless papers to be destroyed. Now, we clear our worried brains, and forget we ever had a part in putting together mechanically ye material ye have collected as a representation of ye school year of 1914-'15.

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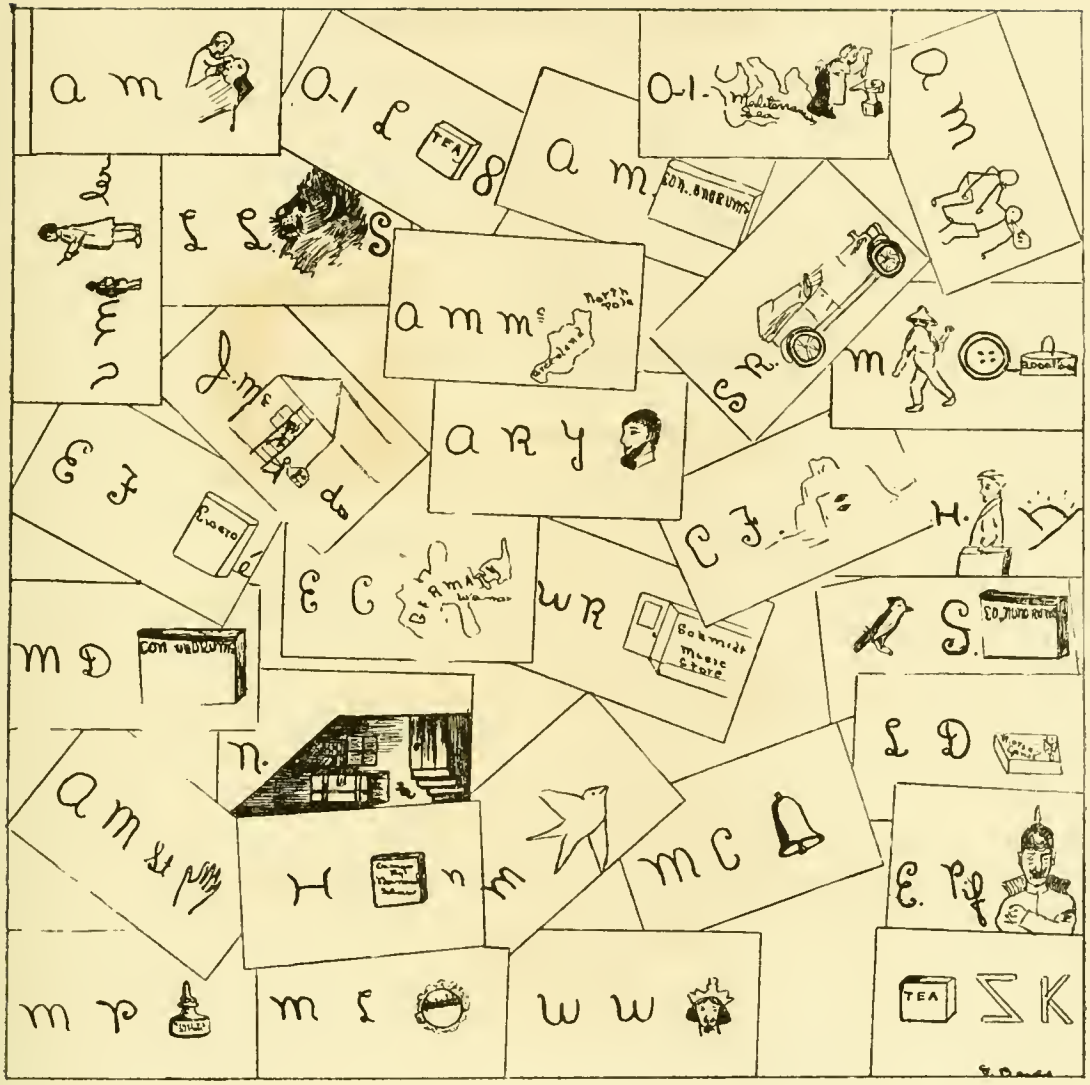

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MINNIE L. McGUINNITY,
STENOGRAPHER

Calendar

1914

Thursday, September 10.....Session Opens

Sunday, October 4.....Miss Baldwin's Birthday

Thursday, November 26..... Thanksgiving

Thursday, December 17, 1 p. m. .....Christmas Vacation Begins

1915

Saturday, January 2.....Christmas Vacation Ends

Friday, January 22.....Mid-year Examinations Begin

Friday, January 29..... .....Mid-Year Examinations End

Sunday, January 31.....Miss McClung's Birthday

Thursday, May 13.....Final Examinations Begin

Thursday, May 20.....Final Examinations End

Friday, May 21 .....Art Reception

Saturday, May 22.....Association Day and Class Day

Sunday, May 23.....Baccalaureate Sermon

Tuesday, May 25..... Commencement Day

Thursday, September 9.....Session 1915-'16 Opens

A Toast

Mary Baldwin, Mary Baldwin,
  Dear old varsity!
May our memories hold thee sacred;
  Here's a toast to thee!

Proud art thou of thy past record;
  May thou also be
Just as honored by the future
  Held in store for thee.

All of thy ambitious students,
  Strive for honors high,
Till the fame of Mary Baldwin
  Reaches to the sky.

Editorial Staff.

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BUSINESS MANAGER

ASSOCIATE EDITORS

ASSOCIATE EDITORS

Katherine Terry

Mary Evans

Helen Elizabeth Blackburn

JOKE EDITOR

ART EDITORS

BOOK I

Classes

PATRON
Miss Martha Riddle

MOTTO
"In unity there is strength."

Colors
Green and White

Flower
Lily of the Valley

Seniors

We are the solemn Seniors,
(But I'll tell you on the side,
Although we like to look it,
We aren't a bit dignified.)

We are the learned Seniors,
(It's by that name we go,
But you'd be surprised to discover
The things that we don't know.)

We are the envied Seniors,
(But why I cannot say,
And you won't know why, either,
If you are one some day.)

We are the grown-up Seniors,
(That's what they tell to me,
But if I'm not mistaken,
We've all refused to be.)

We are the busy Seniors,
(Here's a little I-warn-you,
It's Never be a Senior
If you've anything *else* to do!)

VIRGINIA WATSON SWITZER

Staunton, Virginia

"There was a soft and pensive grace
A cast of thought upon her face
That suited well the forehead high,
The eyelash dark, and downcast eye."

Graduate in Literary Department; President of Senior Class; President of Executive Board Student Association; Senior Literary Society; Literary Editor THE BLUE-STOCKING.

This mathematical friend has climbed from the lowest to the topmost rung of the intellectual ladder of M. B. S. Since time immemorial her chief hobby has been the science of numbers. She is so devoted to the study that not once has she been induced to sell or part with even an elementary arithmetic. Her executive ability has placed her at the head of her class, for it takes Virginia to plan our "stunts." Not the least of her many talents is that of actress and few will forget Mrs. Maloney at her seaside cottage. "Oh, bejabbers," she has certainly earned the title, "Senior."

SARA LEE PRICE
Staunton, Virginia

"We shall not look upon her
like again."

Graduate in Literary Department; member Executive Board Student Association; Senior Literary Society; Secretary and Treasurer Senior Class.

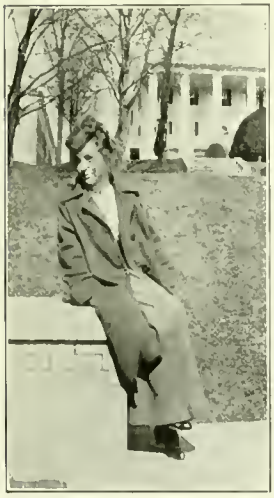
To hear "Sentimental Sally" sigh and groan about the work that has to be done, you'd think that she goes around with a long face and seldom finds time to smile. On the contrary, Sally's smile, like a ray of sunshine, lights the library on the darkest days. And yet the work is done, and well done, too, for

"Of all the girls who are so smart,
There's none like pretty Sally."

JANET MORRIS
Staunton, Virginia

"Anything but history, for history must be false."

Graduate in Literary Department; member Executive Board Student Association; Senior Literary Society.



"Oh, I'm so scared! I simply do not know a thing!" Janet whispers frantically outside the class-room door. I do not know just how it happens, but her teachers always seem perfectly satisfied with her recitations. Her expression is the reflection of her mood. The far away, dreamy look, which she frequently assumes, is a sure proof of some beautiful verse, or of a story—a real love story—seething in her brain. But when she frowns and closes her eyes, as if in deep meditation, we know that she is foretelling our future, for Janet is our most capable class prophet.

JESSIE CHESNUT GREGG
Florence, South Carolina

"I pant for the music that is divine."

Graduate in Violin; member Executive Board Student Association; Senior Literary Society; Y. W. C. A.

Florence, South Carolina, has furnished M. B. S. her first graduate in violin, the best that has ever practiced within her walls. Her three years here have not been wasted, and Jessie furnishes music wherever she goes. Not the least of her virtues is her peculiar attraction for the beings called men, and her monthly allowance soon melts away in postage stamps. Her fear of "exams" furnishes comedy which all her friends appreciate.

MARY WINE MILLER
Staunton, Virginia

"Wise to resolve and patient
to perform."

Graduate in Voice; member Executive Board Student Association; Senior Literary Society.

The vocal graduates this year have "quality and not quantity," but that is what counts after all. Mary, the only graduate, is such an accommodating person. She can also work under high pressure longer than most of her fellow students. Those who were present at the presentation of "The Sorcerer" can never forget how Aline sang to her true love, nor will they forget her natural and attractive interpretation of the character.

ELIZABETH LOUISE AMIS
Virgilina, Virginia

"There is sweet music here that softer falls
Than petals from blown roses on the grass;
Music that gentlier on the spirit lies
Than tir'd eyelids upon tir'd eyes."

Graduate in Piano; member Executive Board Student Association; Senior Literary Society; Secretary of Senior Specials; Secretary of Y. W. C. A.; Golf Club.

"I don't know any of my lessons to-day." Louise always says this in tones of such distress that we sympathize with the much imposed upon child. If her fingers could only keep up with her tongue, we are sure that she would some day attain her greatest ambition—to become a "Professor." "Concentrate your mind when studying!" It can not be done when Louise is around. It is the slow, rhythmic movement of her fingers, however, that always charms those who hear her playing in public.

MILDRED ALELIA DULL

Staunton, Virginia

"And I bent once again to my playing,
Pursued it unchecked . . . "

Graduate in Piano; member Executive Board Student Association.

M. A. D. Is there any significance in her initials? Although we cannot say that she lives up to this characteristic, yet we believe she has it, and rids herself of it through her finger tips. Her quiet manner deceives one at first, but one soon discovers that she is "a great little sport." Mildred spends her days on practice-hall, and last year her trunk was carefully placed outside of No. 19. This year her bed was gladly welcomed. We are only sorry she leads such a monotonous life merely that we may enjoy the fruits of her labor.

MARTHA ALLISON GARRETT
Winchester, Kentucky

"Music, when soft voices die
Vibrates in the memory."

Graduate in Piano; member Executive Board Student Association; President of Senior Specials; German Club; Tennis Club; Z. T. Z.; Y. W. C. A.

"Matt" is a most animated little body, with dazzling white teeth, who smiles constantly. She would like to have us think that she is very busy with her music, but she finds plenty of time to stroll around with Cornelia. If you do not believe it, ask Cliff. As to her music,

"Rings on her fingers, and bells on her toes,
She shall have music wherever she goes."

MARY JOSEPHINE PRESTON

Tazewell, Virginia

"She makes sweet music."

Graduate in Piano; member Executive Board Student Association; Senior Literary Society; Vice-President of Senior Specials; German Club; Tennis Club; C. O. D; Y. W. C. A.

Yes,—this is our "dear little May Pressen" who hails from that small village of Tazewell. During her three years at M. B. S. she has won more friends than most of us could, if we stayed here a life-time. She is all we could wish with the disposition of a "saint." She is always where she belongs, and never gives any trouble on the hall. (?) Her teachers have a hard time making her practice, for somehow she seems opposed to learning her music lessons. Mary Preston often offers the plea of having rheumatism in her wrist (?), but still the letters go regularly to V. M. I.

JANETTE PORTER STOWERS
Oxford, Mississippi

"As merry as the day is long."

Graduate in Piano; member Executive Board Student Association; Senior Literary Society; Treasurer of Senior Specials; Y. W. C. A.

"Angel," as she is called, is a slim, blue-eyed little blonde with the sweetest laugh and disposition. What she lacks in stature she makes up in energy, determination, and will power. Poor child, she has a great propensity for getting into hot water. Hardly does she escape from one kettle before, alas! she falls into another. Music, however, claims her for its own even if she does break up a piano, every now and then, practicing "runs"!

KATHLEEN VICKERY ELLIOTT
Kingwood, West Virginia

"A little nonsense now and then
Is relished by the best of men."

Graduate in Expression; member Executive Board Student Association; Exchange Editor Miscellany; Senior Literary Society; T. B. D.; Y. W. C. A.

This happy beam of "sunshine" arrived at M. B. S. one bright September day in '13. Since then "Red" has illumined the Seminary. Her bright smile and happy disposition are always in evidence, as well as "Hump" and "Have you done your English?" Her presence at mail call need never be doubted, and she always carries away the never failing epistle. Yea, verily, "Red" will leave a vacant place at M. B. S.

AGNES BOYD SLEMONS
King City, Missouri

"To those who know thee not,
No words can paint;
And those who know thee. know
All words are faint."

Graduate in Expression; member Executive Board Student Association; Senior Literary Society; Literary Editor THE BLUESTOCKING; Y. W. C. A.

Agnes, more commonly called "Slemons," is a well known figure about M. B. S. She is "always in haste, but never in a hurry," and although so rushed she generally finds time to do those things which she wishes to do. Her chief affliction is English, for poor Agnes is frequently found in the library hunting up English references. Hunting, I say, for she seldom has time to read them after they are found. In the study of Expression, however, "Slemons" is like "Brer Rabbit in the briar-patch."

Juniors

When first we enter the Freshman class,
We think we know it all;
We blame the teachers when we don't pass;
We scream out in the hall.

When into the Sophomore class we go,
We find we're not so bright;
There are several things we do not know,
We rise before daylight.

Next we are Juniors, hidden from view
By the Seniors, revered by all;
Just think of the things we have to do!
No time to scream in the hall!

JUNIOR

PATRON

Miss Abbie McFarland

MOTTO

"Truly, I believe their intelligence has something divine about it.'

Colors
Lavender and Purple

Flower
Violet

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Ellen Scott ..... President
Elizabeth Bottom..... Vice-President
Annie Cobb .....Secretary and Treasurer

MEMBERS

Elizabeth Bottom
Annie Cobb
Ellen Scott
Ida Bocock Smith
Margaret St. Clair
Lucie Woodward

Junior Specials

OFFICERS

Edith Pitts ..... President
Beatrice Hawley ..... Vice-President
Nancy Smith ..... Secretary
Alma Campbell.. ..... Treasurer

MEMBERS

Mary Boyd
Alma Campbell
Cornelia Christian
Frances Danby
Mary Erwin
Beatrice Hawley
Katherine Johnson
Edna Millikan
Edith Pitts
Sidney Simmerman
Nancy Smith
Elizabeth Wheeler
Grace Lee

PATRON
Miss Nellie Smithey

MOTTO
"There is no royal road to learning."

Colors
Blue and Gold

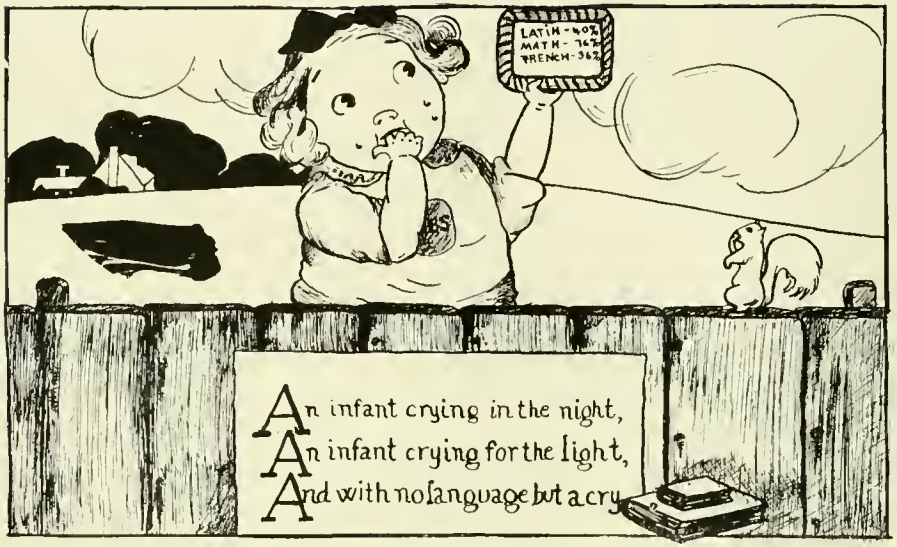
Flower
Richmond Red Rose

OFFICERS

Virginia Wyse ..... President
Nell Baylor ..... Secretary and Treasurer

MEMBERS

Nell Baylor
Annie Belle Dean
Virginia Wyse
Mary MacLeod
Elizabeth McCauley



PATRON

Miss Anne Riddle

MOTTO

"A little learning is a dangerous thing,
Drink deep, or taste not the Pierian Spring."

Colors	Flower
Pink and Green	Pink Roses

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Catherine McLean	Vice-President
Catharine Riddle	Treasurer
Mary Lou Bell	Secretary

MEMBERS

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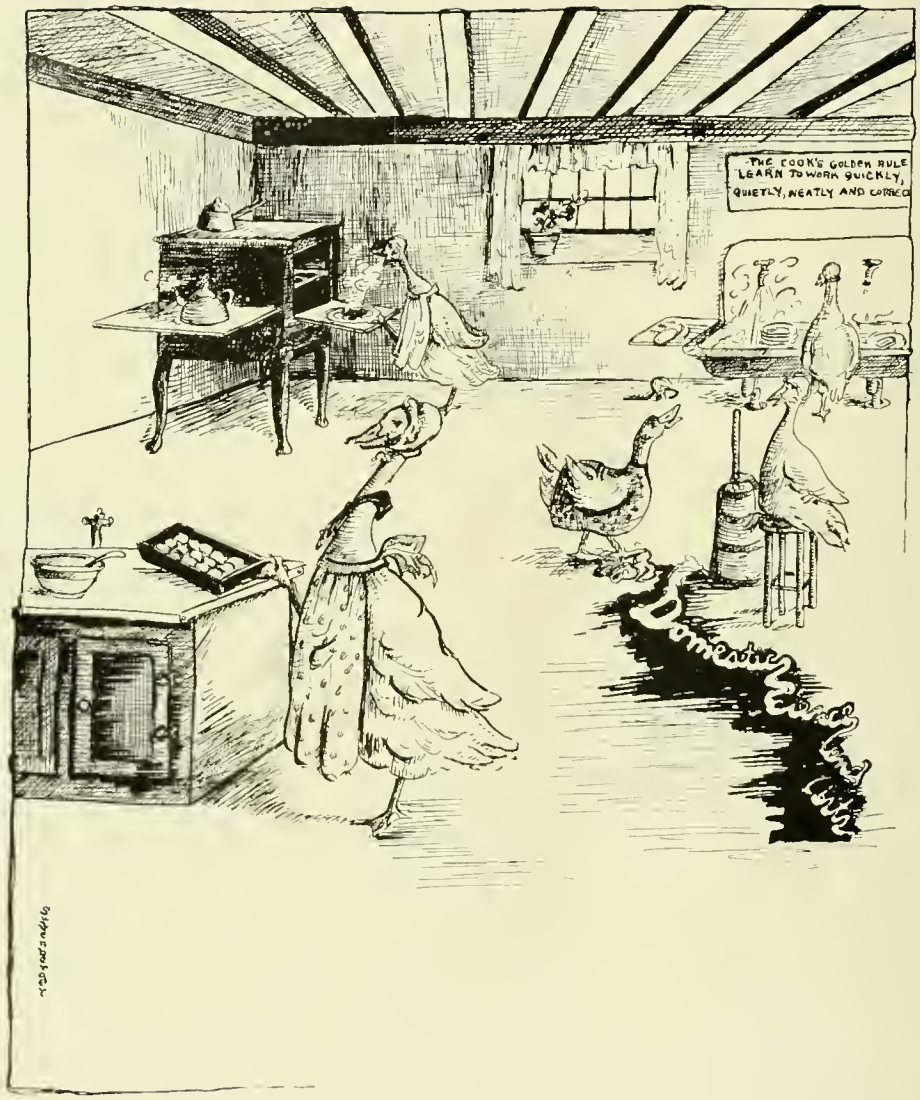
Gladys Brice	Catherine McLean	Barbara Skidmore
Pauline Livingston	Catharine Riddle	Sallie Tuttle
	Martha Sullenberger	


THE COOK'S GOLDEN RULE
LEARN TO WORK QUICKLY,
QUIETLY, NEATLY AND CORRECT
Domestic Economy

BOOK II

Literary Department

School Story

Original Story

Poem

History of the class of 1915

Prophecy of the class of 1915

Literary Department

Prizes for "Bluestocking" Work

For the best school story, offered by the Annual Board, and won by Miss Annah Ruckman.

For the best original story, offered by the Beverly Book Store, and won by Miss Jimmie Terrell.

For the best poem, offered by Mr. Lang, and won by Miss Janet Morris.

For the best art work, offered by The McClure Company, Inc., and won by Miss Martha Sullenberger.

The Instinct of Imitation

H the monotony of school life! It is just one continuous round of studying, sleeping, eating, and—"

"Gossiping," finished Belle. "Now do stop your sighing, Edith, and we'll have a discussion of the entire school, for we can do nothing else this dreary day."

Forlorn glances were cast toward the window. It was a typical November afternoon. The heavens were entirely obscured by leaden clouds. Somehow the gloominess seemed to vanish at the sound of approaching footsteps and a soft knock upon the door.

"Girls, I've studied my psychology since dinner, and am now free to have a long talk. We must do something unusual this year, since it's our last, and we are Seniors, you know," cried Boydie, the newcomer, enthusiastically. Her name was Margaret Boyd, but her classmates considered Margaret too dignified for their "cutest" girl, and decided upon Boydie as more appropriate.

"Just the thing," agreed the girls, about a half dozen in number. They made themselves comfortable on the bed and window seat, while Boydie, assuming her favorite position upon the radiator, took charge of the meeting.

"Of course not all of us are here, but we are a representative number. Do you think we ought to stay together and pay little attention to the rest of the girls? Let us not follow the example of some of our predecessors and monopolize the gym and tennis courts, as well as all of the social functions. Suppose we do away with 'sets,' and make all the girls have a good time and create 'a real school spirit.' In this way we shall win the favor of the faculty, who will hold us up as an example to future Senior classes."

In the merry laugh that followed all the unpleasantnesses of school life were forgotten for the time being. The Thanksgiving ball was planned, and many resolutions were formed. Then Belle suggested:

"The votes for the Annual will be taken before long. Now, do you think that Eleanor will be chosen the most popular again?"

"I do believe she will, don't you, Boydie?" asked Edith.

"Listen, girls," began Boydie in a subdued tone, "I do not want to be disloyal to my classmates, but I think we ought to help each other morally as well as socially. I'm afraid Eleanor is a little vain over the fact that she has been voted the most popular girl for two years. She is a perfect dear, and I don't want her to be spoiled by too much attention, and then also there are several hundred girls here, and I think the honors ought to be divided as far as possible, don't you?"

"Yes, but how can we keep Eleanor from being the most popular? She *is* just more popular than the rest of us, so there."

But Boydie was not convinced, and only smiled wisely. Suddenly she asked,

"Whom do you consider the most unpopular girl in school? I mean who is attractive and ought to be popular, but just isn't?"

"I do believe Eunice Lindsay is the most unpopular girl I ever saw to be nice looking," declared Belle.

"Well, do you call her 'nice looking' with her hair straight as a poker and that most reserved air? Why, I don't believe she has a friend in school," criticised Edith.

"Why, girls!" Boydie exclaimed, "you are positively mistaken. She has loads of friends, and is beautiful. I'm going to make a date with her right now." Boydie danced from the room, leaving her classmates astounded.

"Well!" ejaculated Belle, "Boydie is the queerest girl I ever saw! I don't believe she even knows Eunice. I wonder what 'unusual' thing she's up to now!" The others could only shake their heads doubtfully.

Boydie was a conundrum for the next few days. She would rush into a room and stand before the mirror rearranging her hair until every one present would be reminded of hers and make a dive for the bureau; or perhaps it was a picture that claimed her careful examination, but whenever anyone else became interested, she would smile and nod her head in a most convincing manner. Frequently she could not be found in any of her old haunts, and would finally emerge from Eunice's room, where she declared she'd had a *wonderful* time.

At last the long anticipated evening of the Thanksgiving ball arrived. Only the faculty and pupils were to be present. The Senior and Sophomore classes were to act the role of gentlemen, and everyone was to dress in costume. Boydie would not tell a word about her costume or reveal her choice of a partner. Great was the curiosity when she, in princely robes, led a fair princess into the softly-lighted room. Who could this lovely creature be? Silence fell upon the groups as they gazed in wonder upon the queenly maiden, whose golden brown curls hung gracefully beneath a crown of white violets, and whose brown eyes looked merrily from under long, waving lashes.

Boydie knelt before his lady and commanded in a clear, though rather unmasculine voice, "My subjects, I desire you to honor your queen."

"Pshaw! it's only Eunice Lindsay," cried some of the girls, while others did not even know there was a girl in school by that name. However, Prince Boydie's request was respected that night, and the entire school made at least a nominal acquaintance with the one who had before been declared the most unpopular girl in school. There were some prejudices expressed and unkind words whispered. Eleanor seemed unusually sweet and gracious to her most ardent admirers. But a ball was so rare and the orchestra so inspiring that the room bell had never sounded quite so unwelcome, as it did that night to the gallant knights and fair ladies, who cast many wistful glances upon the musicians and the waxed floor, as they strolled in the direction of the dormitories.

After that Boydie and Eunice became inseparable. They seemed to understand each other perfectly. Boydie's classmates were jealous at first, but as she was so sweet and lovable, they decided to humor "her whim" for a while, any way. It was not long before the whole story of the preparation for the ball was known,—how Boydie had curled and coaxed Eunice's straight hair and transformed a "nice looking" girl into a lovely princess, in whom Boydie ever discovered new and wonderful traits of character.

The Seniors, with the exception of Boydie, who happened to be in the Infirmary, were having a class meeting. The business transacted, they began to discuss their absent member.

"Girls, I've an idea!" cried Eleanor, the president. "Of course we are all disgusted with Boydie's behavior and are determined to put a stop to it. Suppose we each pay Eunice a weekly visit, and see if we can discover her attraction, and show Boydie that she is not the only one who does 'unusual things.'"

"Now, don't say one word against Boydie," cried Edith. "She is ever so much better than the rest of us. Really, I don't believe she cares for Eunice, but just goes with her because she is so unpopular. Boydie says we ought to make life pleasant for the girls, and I think so, too. Now, let us visit all of the unpopular girls occasionally."

At first Edith's suggestion was not wholly satisfactory to all, but each promised to show Boydie that she was not the only one who paid queer visits to unpopular girls.

The monotony of the following months was certainly broken by the efforts of the Senior class. Why it was the girls could not tell, but Boydie did not get over "her whim" in spite of all their weekly visiting, and the funniest part was that they, too, were getting the "whim." The weekly visits became semi-weekly, and finally almost daily. Everyone began to think of Boydie and Eunice together, and laughingly dubbed them Prince and Princess. Together they did the little kindnesses which mean so much to school life. They were never too busy to lend a helping hand or in too much of a hurry to speak an encouraging word. Boydie was always perfectly at home wherever she happened to be, whether in the gym or in the Y. W. C. A. room, and now Eunice seemed to belong with her.

The suspense and strenuous labor of mid-term examinations had subsided, and the Annual board were busy getting points for the great publication. Belle, the editor-in-chief, had summoned a meeting of the entire school in chapel, in order to secure the opinion of the girls as to the most beautiful, most popular, etc., The vote was by ballot. Of course Boydie and Eunice were sitting together. Just as they had written their votes, a gust of wind blew their papers across the room. The girls smiled when they read the names. The voting took an unusually long time. There were many unde-

cided glances cast upon Eleanor and in the opposite direction. The editor-in-chief looked perplexed when the result was announced to her. There must have been a tie. But suddenly a radiant smile lighted up her face, although she merely said, "The ANNUAL will reveal all mysteries."

The days lengthened into weeks, and the weeks became months. The spring brought warm sunshine, flowers, birds, and happy girls, who were busy, just now, preparing for the long looked for May Day. Of course there was another election, but this one was out on the green campus. Here the strangest of all occurrences took place. The girls were just ready to make a decision when Boydie and Eunice appeared, hand in hand.

"Oh, are we late?" they asked.

"No, just in time," answered their school mates.

Then a voice, it must have been Eleanor's, it was so clear and sweet, rang out on the balmy air. "Girls, why need we vote? Of course we can choose no other than the Princess!"

"Why, of course not," echoed the throng, and unanimously the vote was cast.

It was the first day of May. Throngs of visitors crowded the campus and gazed expectantly on the May Pole, on the improvised throne of evergreens and flowers, and on the lines of girls, who stood as sentinels about the throne. All voices suddenly hushed when bands of fairy-like maidens ushered the Queen of the May to her flowery throne. Yes, it was the Princess. Never had she seemed so beautiful! Her soft brown eyes radiated a light that transformed her entire countenance, and seemed to express the one word, which all nature was voicing, the word—"awakening."

Only a few more days and the school would disperse for the summer. But there was another pleasant event before Commencement—the arrival of the Annual. Eager faces peered over the copies! Happy voices commented on the pages, especially on one, containing two pictures, above which was written "The Most Popular" and below them. "A Senior and a Freshman: Our Prince and Princess."

That evening the Senior class held their final meeting out under the trees on the moonlit campus. The happy graduates were subdued, for the parting was drawing very near. Many scenes of the past were commented upon, and among them was the one where Boydie had announced her purpose to do something "unusual."

"Well, you have accomplished your desire, Boydie," replied Belle. "The unusual has happened, in that the most unpopular girl has become the most popular, and partly through Eleanor's unselfish suggestion. It is all a mystery, which I cannot solve."

"How did it happen?" murmured the girls, looking lovingly at Eleanor.

Noiselessly the Princess had approached, and it was she who answered.

"It all has happened because the Prince studied his Psychology lesson one day when the subject was 'The Instinct of Imitation.'"

ANNAH E. RUCKMAN.

Her One Sacrifice

OW, Dottie, don't you forget that I will expect you South in June! Although you may almost roast alive, as it is terribly hot there, I am going to insist on your coming, for we have such a good time in the summer," exclaimed Elizabeth Pettus, giving her friend a last hug as they parted at the end of a year spent together at "Miss Brown's School for Young Ladies," in New York City.

"I sure will be there just as soon as Mother and Dad leave for abroad," replied Dorothy Delano.

One lovely summer day about a month after this time, a young girl with sparkling, dark-brown eyes, and black, curly hair was seen at the little station of a town in the far South. She was eagerly awaiting the evening express from the North, and at last a whistle was heard far down the road. She ran forward quickly, as the train rumbled nearer and nearer. Finally, with a loud hiss the great engine slowed up, and the passengers filed out. Near the last in the line came a tall, blonde girl, extremely beautiful, but with a very haughty face. Her lovely violet eyes were wandering here and there, as if she were looking for some one, but it was only for a moment, then she was grabbed in a very undignified manner by the little dark, Southern girl.

"Oh! Dottie, Dottie, are you really here at last? I believe I am dreaming, and that you will soon slip away," was Elizabeth Pettus' greeting to her friend, who was the Northern girl.

"Well, I certainly am glad to get here, too, after my hot, dusty trip down, and I am also very glad to see you," answered Dorothy in a very dignified manner. With this, the two girls moved on to the waiting carriage.

Three weeks of Dorothy's visit had passd, and she was still having a very gay time. As Elizabeth said, she had made quite a "hit" with the Southern men.

A few days after this, the two girls were chatting gaily, as they dressed

for the party that was to be given Dorothy that night. It was not to be one of the big, formal affairs that she was used to in New York City, but an old-fashioned barbecue.

Dorothy looked from the window, down the long avenue of trees with their green leaves and grey moss, and saw several carriages approaching. "Oh! Elizabeth, people are beginning to come, so we must hurry."

An hour later found the guests, honoree, and hostess gathered around a long table on the lawn, and seated on plank benches. The table was laden with old-fashioned dishes, such as potato-salad, chow-chow, Brunswick stew. All the time, too, the older darkies were passing great platters of barbecued meat around asking if, "Missis would have pig or lamb," and if they received a refusal they would gently urge "dis 'ere little piece is so nice and tinder, please, mam, try it." Then another one would come along with hot pone-cakes and hoe-cakes. Behind the guests stood some little black pickaninnies with branches of green leaves in their hands, which they moved gently to and fro over the table, to keep the flies off. Other pickaninnies, the little boys, hurried back and forth, bringing the older men famous mintjuleps, and great glasses of iced tea to the other guests.

Dorothy and Elizabeth sat at one end of the table with the young people, and beside Dorothy was Edward Rand, who seemed to be very attentive to her. Elizabeth noticed this out of the corner of her eye, and her stubborn little heart rebelled, that her friend should try to make this man care for her, when she knew that she, Elizabeth, was very fond of him, and up until the time she had come, he had returned her affection. However, she did not show this, but kept up a lively conversation with Jack Major, her partner.

After supper the guests roamed about the lawn, amusing themselves in different ways until after dark. Then came the greatest fun of all. The little darkies were called forth to entertain them. Twenty little pickaninnies gathered together, and after a signal from one of them they began to sing. It was one of the old corn-field songs, and it was quite interesting to hear the little ones sing it, although most of them were sadly off tune. Then they were called one at a time to contribute something. First Liza

was called, "One-i-one, two-ii-two," and she continued up to one hundred. Then a little boy came forward, just as black as pitch, and with great shining eyes, but with a very serious face. "Now, Brother Johnson, he preaches dis-er-way. 'Come on, all yer niggers, quit yer sinning and jine de Church.'" He continued this sermon in a very sing song voice for about five minutes, but at the end of that time, another voice was heard, "Hit's my time now," and another little boy took the floor.

"Whew-w-w, giddap dere, Wilks. Now dat's Marser's whistle, and you jest oughter see the niggers get to work when dey 'ear dat in de field. Den Marser, he comes up closer, and say, 'you niggers plant lots of melons, 'tatoes and corn, but not much cotton, kase the boll-weevil's a comin'.' Den he hollows at Jake and a few other niggers to stir demselves, and den comes dat whistle agin, 'whew-w-w, giddap dere, Wilks', and away he goes." Little Tommy imitated Colonel Pettus' peculiar whistle almost perfectly, and loved to tease his master by imitating also his orders. Last little Gumbo presented himself. He was only a small child of two, very black, and very bow-legged, but he managed to give a good cake walk.

After this performance the people gathered again at the table, and this time they were given watermelon. While they passed the time thus, the negro boys brought out their banjos and sang, as was their usual custom at any party. The moon slowly rose, and as it grew brighter the lights were extinguished, the people eating by its soft rays. The sharp eye of little black Susan saw that Dorothy and Ed were absent from the group. Taking their watermelon, she went in search of them. On looking down in the grove a little distance off she saw them seated in a small summer-house. She ran forward eagerly, to present the watermelon, but was quite taken back when Dorothy refused it, and sharply told her to return to the house.

"But, Lawdy, Miss Dorothy, you sholy ain't gwinter refuse dis 'licious melon, is you?" asked Susan with wide eyes, for it was almost inconceivable to this child that anyone should not want to eat watermelon at any time. Dorothy, however, had something more important to occupy herself

with at the time, for Ed had just proposed to her, and Susan had interrupted her answer.

. . . . . .

Several of the young ladies who attended the party remained at "Pettus Grove" for the night. It was long after midnight when they finally became quiet.

"Lib, Lib, have you gone to sleep yet?" softly whispered Dorothy to her bed-fellow.

"Not yet," was the sleepy response.

"Well-ll," hesitated Dorothy, "I have something to tell you. I am just so excited over it I can't help telling you. Ed proposed to me to-night, and I am so happy."

Elizabeth sat up in bed at once, no longer sleepy, but just at that moment the lights were switched on, and Gladys Lewis asked, "Lib, can you give me something for a headache? I hate to disturb you, but I just must have something."

Elizabeth gave herself a little jerk, and asked in a dazed tone, "what, what did you say, Gladys?" and after the question was repeated she got up to leave the room with her guest to get the medicine.

Dorothy lay in bed meditating. What could have been the matter with Lib when the lights were turned on? Her face was absolutely white, and she seemed almost dazed. She then thought of their conversation at the time, and wondered if that was the cause. Suddenly she remembered Elizabeth's having spoken of a certain Ed Rand one night at Miss Brown's, but for a moment she could not recall what she said. Then the scene came back to her, of Marguerite Beecher sitting on the floor telling fortunes. When it came Elizabeth's turn, she had been told that she would marry a man by the initials E. R., and Dorothy remembered also the little flash of gladness that had crossed her face as she said half aloud, "Ed Rand." So that was it, Elizabeth loved Ed herself! Dorothy then realized that Elizabeth had been gone some time, and in order that the question need not be discussed any more she pretended to be asleep when she returned.

Soon the door was closed quietly. Elizabeth came to the side of the bed, calling softly, "Dottie," and when there was no response she leaned closer, and remained a moment searching her friend's face. She heaved a little sigh, and crept to bed again.

Some months later, on a cold, dreary night in November, Dorothy Delano sat in the boudoir of her handsome home in New York City, dressed in a gorgeous evening gown, and waiting for her escort to take her to one of the big début parties of the season. In her hand she held a clipping from a newspaper, at the head of which was a picture of a lovely Southern girl in her bridal robes, and under the picture was, "Mrs. Edward Rand, formerly Miss Elizabeth Pettus, whose wedding took place last evening," while the rest of the clipping described the wedding. A little note was with the clipping:

Dearest,

You just don't know how awfully sorry I was, that you could not be my maid of honor, and I missed you terribly. Honey, I am just too happy, and am so glad that you did not steal Ed from me, with your violet eyes, as I was afraid once you were going to do. Will write you a long letter as soon as I return from my honeymoon.

With lots of love,

As ever,

Lib.

Just at this moment her maid came in. "Mr. Van Rensselær has arrived, Miss Dorothy," said the maid, as she held Dorothy's evening coat for her.

The wee small hours of the morning found Dorothy still up and at the party. She became so tired that she slipped over to a window-seat hidden behind some palms, and lost herself in thought. As her eyes wandered to and fro about the handsome room, and noted the richness of the guests' clothing, and their jewels, and the stiff formality and unreality of it all, a picture of an informal, delightful Southern barbecue came to her. A sad smile flitted over her face.

"Just to think that I might be Mrs. Edward Rand to-night instead of

Lib, but . . . that life was not for me—This is what I was brought up to love, and this sham of life is what I must accept. I don't suppose many of my friends would believe that I had ever sacrificed anything in my life. Wouldn't they laugh if they knew that the haughty, proud Dorothy Delano had given up the man she loved to a sweet, simple Southern girl?"

Her eyes then fell on an exquisite diamond and ruby ring, that Albert Van Rensselær had placed on the third finger of her left hand that night, claiming her for his own.

A little stir was heard in the palms; upon looking up she saw Albert standing watching her. A moment, then he asked, "Dorothy, you are not going to let one of my dances pass, are you?"

She heaved a little sigh as she rose, then she let him put his arm around her, and was lost in the whirl of dancers.

JIMMIE TERRELL.

Eyes of Blue

Eyes of blue
Clear and true,
Smile on me,
I love thee.

Eyes of blue,
Soft as dew,
Dare I be
Sure of thee?

Eyes of blue,
Without you
Life would be
Sad for me.

Eyes of blue,
Is it true?
Do I see
Love in thee?

Eyes of blue,
It IS true!
God made thee
Just for me.

JANET MORRIS.

History of the Class of 1915

IT would be futile even to attempt to record the deeds of my classmates prior to their entrance at M. B. S., yet be it known that they were started on the right road in their journey of life. It is sufficient to say that at some time and some place during the last century, we were all born and received our earliest training, and continued to live, until each was seized with the desire to further her education. Having thus decided, we hastened to enter the portals of this institution, and undertook the tasks which have furnished abundant work for us each day.

Virginia Switzer, of Staunton, was the first member of our present class to come to M. B. S., and since that time she has been able to graduate in Elocution as well as the Literary Course.

Our next member that made her appearance was Janet Morris, of Staunton, who came in 1910. How inadequate is the power of words to express her literary talent! We are exceptionally glad to have her as a member of "our trio" in the Literary Course.

The session of 1912-'13 brought four new members to our class—Jessie Gregg, of South Carolina; Mary Preston, of Virginia; Martha Garrett, of Kentucky; and Sara Price, of Staunton. Each zealously entered upon her own course and has striven gradually toward its highest goal—the diploma. Those who have heard Jessie play could not fail to be impressed by the melodious strains which her fingers bring forth from the old violin. Mary Preston and Martha Garrett have spent a great deal of their time in the practice-hall, but it has not been in vain. They have, as we all realize, a great talent for instrumental music.

In the fall of 1913, five new members were added to our class list—Agnes Slemons, of Missouri; Kathleen Elliott, of West Virginia; Janette Stowers, of Mississippi, and Louise Amis and Mildred Dull, of Virginia. Agnes and Kathleen at once became members of the elocution department, and have become

the amateur performers of our class. The other three, having decided that practice-hall was a very pleasant place, forthwith took up their lodging there, and have met with overwhelming success. It is astonishing to see the manner in which their fingers sweep along the ivory keys.

At the beginning of the second term of the session of 1913-'14, we gladly welcomed a new member—Mary Wine Miller, of Staunton, who entered upon a still different course. She is our only vocal graduate, and one whom the class is proud to count among its members.

Our present class was not strongly organized until the Junior year, and very few things of interest happened during that session. However, a most exciting event was the banquet given the Seniors by the Juniors; also the long walk and picnic which was planned by our class patron, Miss Martha Riddle, was an outing long to be remembered.

At the beginning of the session of 1914-'15 we became very enthusiastic, and soon had our class reorganized. Our Senior year has been an eventful one. It has not all been work and surely not all play, but pleasure intermingled with work is a pleasing combination. One of the most striking features along the social side was the "Mock Marriage" between the Freshman and Senior classes, when the President of the Freshmen became the bride of the President of the Seniors. Still another most enjoyable occasion was the entertaining of the class by Virginia Switzer. Just after the intermediate examinations, at a most suitable time, Miss Martha Riddle entertained the class, and her hospitality was thoroughly enjoyed.

Now, classmates, at the end of our career at M. B. S., the thought that saddens is, we are leaving this institution, and the places which we have occupied must see us no more. I assure each and every girl, however, as she goes out, she carries with her the greatest volume of good wishes from her classmates—that the fondest hopes of all be realized is the wish that finds deepest lodgment in our hearts.

Won't we often wander back in spirit, if not in reality, to the happy days at M. B. S.?

Senior Class Prophecy

(The worst is yet to come)

SARA L. Price (the L. is for Love) has a romantic career ahead of her. The course of true love may not run smooth, but at length the ripples in its stream will lose themselves in the calm sea of "Happily ever-after."

Virginia Switzer will accept a position to teach higher mathematics in a one-room school, twenty miles from Stringtown, Arkansas. But soon after school opens she will elope with the youngest trustee, to the joy of her youthful pupils.

Poor Janet, her future seems strewn with splints, plaster-paris, and bandages. Much against the will and counsel of her family she will become a "bird-woman." Although an aviator of unusual daring and skill she will meet with many accidents, such as falling from her bi-plane upon rocky shores and into deep waters. Her broken bones will heal, however, and as she will accomplish much in her calling she should be content.

Janette Stowers is "cut" out for a surgeon. We are sure she will rise to the top of her profession and Janette Stowers, M. D., will be a well-known name. Her first operation will be upon a heart that was badly broken when she announced that she had determined to study medicine.

The loud and ringing voice of Mildred Dull, which often disturbs the studiously inclined, as it thunders through the halls, marks her for a public speaker. We had thought that she would be a suffragist, but the fates foretell that she will make a fortune as an auctioneer of second-hand shoes.

The Palace Theatre will employ Louise Amis to coax its aged piano to croak out a few more melodies (?) before it retires from active service. Louise will become so interested in moving-pictures that she will hold this position till the end of her life for fear of missing one.

Kathleen Elliott is destined for a life of great usefulness as matron in an orphan asylum. She will win the unfailing love and devotion of the most unruly young hopeful by reciting with dramatic fervor "This Little Pig Went to Market."

Soon after leaving school, Mary Preston will publish a book entitled, "Quixotic Quassation of the Querimonious Quidnunc," which will win her instant fame and popularity. It will be criticised by the press as a "masterful and scholarly handling of the subject, which, although a commonplace one, is treated in an original and enlightening way."

Martha Garrett will make an excellent book-agent. Her glib tongue and winning ways will induce many poor unfortunates to buy books which they didn't want and which they will never use.

Mary Wine Miller and Jessie Gregg will enlist as Red Cross nurses and go abroad to serve in the American Hospitals in Paris. There Mary will delight the wounded soldiers with her beautiful voice, and Jessie's violin will be equally popular.

Agnes Slemons will be an adorable old maid with all the necessary requisites, including the usual cork-screw curls, the time-honored cat and the well-worn parrot. Also, that nothing may be lacking, she'll be an avowed man-hater.

White and Yellow

TUNE—"Tramp, Tramp, Tramp, the Boys are Marching."

M. B. S. the name we sing,
And our voices proudly ring,
As we join the mighty chorus full and strong
Though our paths divided be,
We are loyal, true to thee,
Home of happiest schoolgirl days—the M. B. S.

CHORUS

White and yellow float forever,
Colors bravest and the best;
Hark! the echoes catch the strain,
Sounding back the glad refrain;
White and yellow float forever,
M. B. S.

On the hillside green she stands,
Beacon-light to distant lands,
While the colors float above her fair and free.
Daughters fond from far and near
Pay a loving tribute here;
Fame hath wreathed the portals old of M. B. S.

CHORUS

The Mary Baldwin Miscellany

EDITOR-IN-CHIEF

Ellen Scott

ASSOCIATE EDITORS

Margaret Prufer ..... Literary Editor

Margaret St. Clair ..... Social Editor

Kathleen Elliott, Lucie Woodward ..... Exchange Editors

Miss McFarland ..... Alumnæ Editor

Margaret Jones ..... Advertising Manager

Jimmie Terrell ..... Business Manager

Miss Barbour ..... Supervisor

Senior Literary Society

Senior Literary Society

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Annie Cobb ..... Vice-President
Agnes Slemons ..... Recording Secretary
Ida Bocock Smith ..... Corresponding Secretary
Jimmie Terrell ..... Treasurer

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Mildred Cleland
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Kathleen Elliott
Jessie Gregg
Mary Erwin
Eleanor Erwin
Margaret Jones
Harland Johnson
Grace Lee
Pauline Livingston
Mary MacLeod
Janet Morris
Hassie Miller
Mary Preston
Sara Price
Nina Price
Margaret Prufer
Edith Pitts
Ellen Scott
Lucie Woodward
Ida Bocock Smith
Margaret St. Clair.
Hazel Swanson
Janette Stowers
Agnes Slemons
Virginia Switzer
Jimmie Terrell
Katherine Terry
Stella Thompson
Carle Voss
Agnes Wilkinson

Junior Literary Society

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Jessie Adreon ..... Recording Secretary
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Beverley Clark
Alma Coen
Edna Clay
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Nena Crocker
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Elsie Curtis
Cornelia Christian
Frances Danby
Huldah Daniel
Elizabeth Eaton
Helen Forrest
Virginia Galliher
Minnie Gray
Louise Goodloe
Helen Heard
Marion Hutcheson
Beatrice Hawley
Aileene Highland
Anita Herron
Maridean Huddleston
Katherine Johnson
Elise Kidd
May Lindsay
Augusta Malloy
Kathleen McKnight
Edna Millikan
Lillian McCulloch
Jane McIlhenny
Louise McFarland
Dixie Merrick
Marian McIlravy
Elizabeth McCauley
Elizabeth McDowell
Catharine Riddle
Dorothy Sutton
Alice Shackelford
Martha Sullenberger
Grace Sorg
Marshall Smith
Charlotte Spotts
Beatrice Suffern
Minnie Lee Sharp
Elizabeth Todd
Agnes Willis
Hildegarde Wangemann
Elizabeth Wheeler
Nell Yeager

BOOK III

CLUBS

Social Clubs

Musical Clubs

Athletic Clubs

State Clubs

CLUBS

Social Club Index

C. O. D.

Z. T. Z.

X. Y. Z.

K. E. Y.

T. T.

S. L. G.

T. D. S.

D. F. G.

J. U. G.

R-E-D-S

C. O. D.

Color	Flower
Red	Carnation

Elizabeth Bottom ..... President

MEMBERS

Elizabeth Bottom

Huldah Daniel

Anne Hover

Anne Lewis

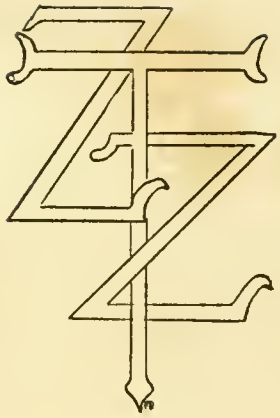
Pauline Livingston

Mary MacLeod

Mary Preston

Margaret St. Clair

Katherine Terry



Z. T. Z.

MOTTO

"Do unto others, for they'd like to do you, but do them first."

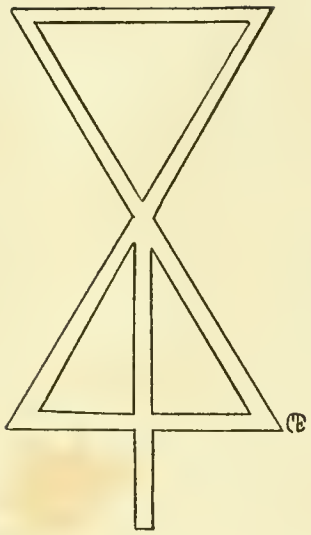
Colors	Flower
Red and Black	American Beauty

OFFICERS

Cornelia Christian ..... President
Mildred Wicks ..... Secretary and Treasurer

MEMBERS

Cornelia Christian
Beverley Clark
Clifton Fox
Martha Garrett
Robbie Lochridge
Charlotte Wray
Hazel Swanson
Mildred Wicks



X. Y. Z.

OFFICERS

Elizabeth Billingslea ..... President

Margaret St. Clair ..... Business Manager

MEMBERS

Nell Baylor

Elizabeth Billingslea

Nena Crocker

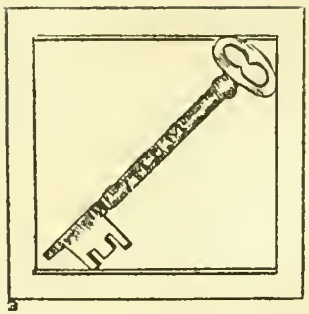
Ellen Scott

Ida Smith

Grace Sorg

Margaret St. Clair

Sallie Tuttle



K. E. Y.

MOTTO

"The Golden Key Unlocks All Doors."

Colors	Flower
Violet and White	Violet

OFFICER

Mary Erwin ..... President

MEMBERS

Annie Cobb

Elsie Curtis

Mary Erwin

Eleanor Erwin

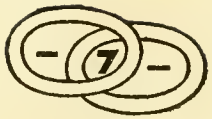
Evelyn Hoge

Edna Millikan

Jimmie Terrell

Agnes Willis

Virginia Wyse



T. T.

MOTTO

"Aut vincere aut mori."

Colors	Flower
Green and Lavender	Lily of the Valley

OFFICERS

Dorothy Booth ..... President

Marion Hutcheson ..... Vice-President

Jessie Adreon ..... Secretary and Treasurer

Marian McIlravy .....Sergeant-at-Arms

MEMBERS

Jessie Adreon

Dorothy Booth

Marion Hutcheson

Marian McIlravy

Dorothy Morse

Dorothy Sutton

SLG
A

S. L. G.

MOTTO

"One for all, and all for one."

MEMBERS

Eleanor Etter

Madeleine Miller

Gladys Humbert

Helen Vickery

Dorothy Wall

ΘΔΣ
VIVIMUS INTER NOS VIVIMUS PRO NOBIS

T. D. S.

MOTTO

"Vivimus inter nos, vivimus pro nobis."

Colors	Flower
Black and Green	Violet

OFFICERS

Elizabeth Butler ..... President

Elizabeth McDowell ..... Vice-President

Beatrice Suffern ..... Secretary and Treasurer

Grace Lee ..... Sergeant-at-Arms

MEMBERS

Katherine Adkerson

Elizabeth Butler

Hester Busey

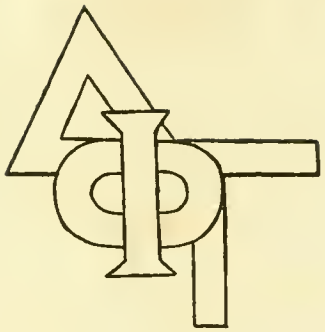
Gladys Lynn

Grace Lee

Elizabeth McDowell

Beatrice Suffern

Gertrude Turner



MOTTO

"Dum Vivimus Vivamus."

Flower	Colors
Violet	Blue and Gold

OFFICERS

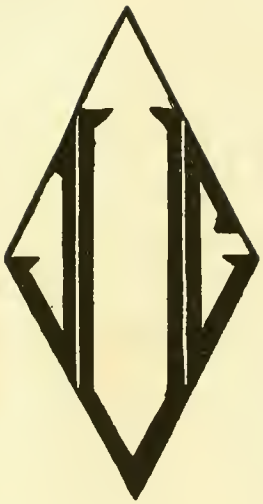
Marjorie Jenkins ..... President

Virginia Galliher ..... Vice-President

Anita Herron ..... Secretary and Treasurer

MEMBERS

Kathryn Baldwin	Anita Herron	May Lindsay
Virginia Galliher	Marjorie Jenkins	Jane McIlhenny
	Nancy Smith	



J. U. G.

MOTTO

"With an eye to see life's sunniest side."

Colors	Flower
Black and Orange	Black-eyed Susan

OFFICERS

Caroline Barrows ..... President

Anna Green .....Vice-President

Alberta Lockhart .....Secretary and Treasurer

MEMBERS

Caroline Barrows

Bena Field

Anna Green

Virginia Harriman

Alberta Lockhart

Miriam Ney

Kathleen Pepper

Alice Shackelford

Mary Shuster

Marshall Smith

Hester Tregoe

Hilda Witty

J.U.G.

Motto
"Red hair till we dye."

Patron Saint
Mr. King

Kathleen Elliott ..... President

MEMBERS

Margaret Bailey
Luella Bateman
Elizabeth Billingslea
Kathleen Elliott
Elise Kidd
Dixie Merrick
Dorothea Meyers
Edith Steinbeck
Elizabeth Todd
Dorothy Wall

HONORARY MEMBERS

Miss Lyons
Miss Martin
Miss Bell

OFFICERS

Hester Busey . . . . President
Dorothy Wall, Secretary-Treasurer

MEMBERS

Jessie Adreon
Louise Amis
Caroline Barrows
Elizabeth Billingslea
Beverley Clark
Annie Cobb
Huldah Daniel
Eunice De Witt
Elizabeth Eaton
Eleanor Erwin
Eleanor Etter
Helen Forrest
Ailcie Gleen
Aileene Highland
Elisabeth Hodge
Gladys Humbert
Marion Hutcheson
Marjorie Jenkins
Frances Jones
Grace Lee
Dixie Merrick
Evelyn Miles
Dorothy Morse
Jane McIlhenny
Katherine Virginia Pride
Alice Shackelford
Barbara Skidmore
Beatrice Suffern
Dorothy Sutton
Jimmie Terrell
Stella Thompson
Zena Tuwtiler
Helen Vickery
Hildegarde Wangemann
Agnes Willis
Charlotte Wray

German Club
1915
1847.

German Club

OFFICERS

Elizabeth McDowell ..... President

Elizabeth Billingslea .....Secretary and Treasurer

MEMBERS

Katherine Adkerson
Jessie Adreon
Elizabeth Billingslea
Alva Blackburn
Dorothy Booth
Hester Busey
Elizabeth Butler
Cornelia Christian
Beverley Clark
Annie Cobb
Nena Crocker
Elsie Curtis
Huldah Daniel
Mary Erwin
Eleanor Erwin
Clifton Fox
Martha Garrett
Virginia Galliher
Augusta Glass
Aileene Highland
Anne Hover
Gladys Humbert
Marion Hutcheson
Marjorie Jenkins
Frances Jones
Elise Kidd
Grace Lee
Anne Lewis
Pauline Livingston
Robbie Lochridge
Gladys Lynn
Elizabeth McDowell
Marian McIlravy
Mary MacLeod
Edna Millikan
Dorothy Morse
Mary Preston
Amelia Shepherd
Grace Sorg
Margaret St. Clair
Beatrice Suffern
Dorothy Sutton
Hazel Swanson
Katherine Terry
Hester Tregoe
Gertrude Turner
Sallie Tuttle
Marion White
Mildred Wicks
Agnes Willis
Charlotte Wray

Tennis Club

OFFICERS

Elizabeth Billingslea ..... President
Beatrice Suffern ..... Treasurer
Louise Goodloe ..... Secretary

MEMBERS

Katherine Adkerson
Jessie Adreon
Luella Bateman
Margaret Bailey
Mary Louise Barrett
Alva Blackburn
Bessie Browning
Mary Harding Buckner
Dorothy Burwell
Frances Champe
Edna Clay
Mildred Cleland
Annie Cobb
Elsie Curtis
Huldah Daniel
Margery Deffenbaugh
Eunice De Witt
Elizabeth Eaton
Daviette Ficklen
Bena Field
Margaret Finley
Ruth Finley
Clifton Fox
Martha Garrett
Ailcie Glenn
Virginia Harriman
Beatrice Hawley
Ruby Hays
Helen Heard
Beatrice Hill
Aileene Highland
Elisabeth Hodge
Anne Hover
Marion Hutcheson
Gladys Humbert
Marjorie Jenkins
Harland Johnson
Frances Jones
Elise Kidd
Grace Lee
Anne Lewis
Pauline Livingston
Gladys Lynn
Lillian McCulloch
Marie McKenzie
Jane McIlhenny
Kathleen McKnight
Dixie Merrick
Evelyn Miles
Margaret P. Miller
Madeleine Miller
Edna Millikan
Dorothy Morse
Augusta Malloy
Hilda Witty
Miriam Ney
Mary Preston
Catharine Riddle
Margaret St. Clair
Ellen Scott
Jeanne Schroers
Minnie Lee Sharp
Mary Shuster
Alice Shackelford
Frances Sieg
Sidney Simmerman
Ida Bocock Smith
Grace Sorg
Ione Staley
Dorothy Sutton
Hazel Swanson
Stella Thompson
Gertrude Turner
Sallie Tuttle
Carle Voss
Dorothy Wall
Hildegarde Wangemann
Marguerite Weller
Mary West
Marion White
Agnes Wilkinson
Agnes Willis

DRAMATICS

Colors
Green and Gold

Flower
Chrysanthemum

MOTTO

"Lighter move the minutes edged with music."—Tennyson.

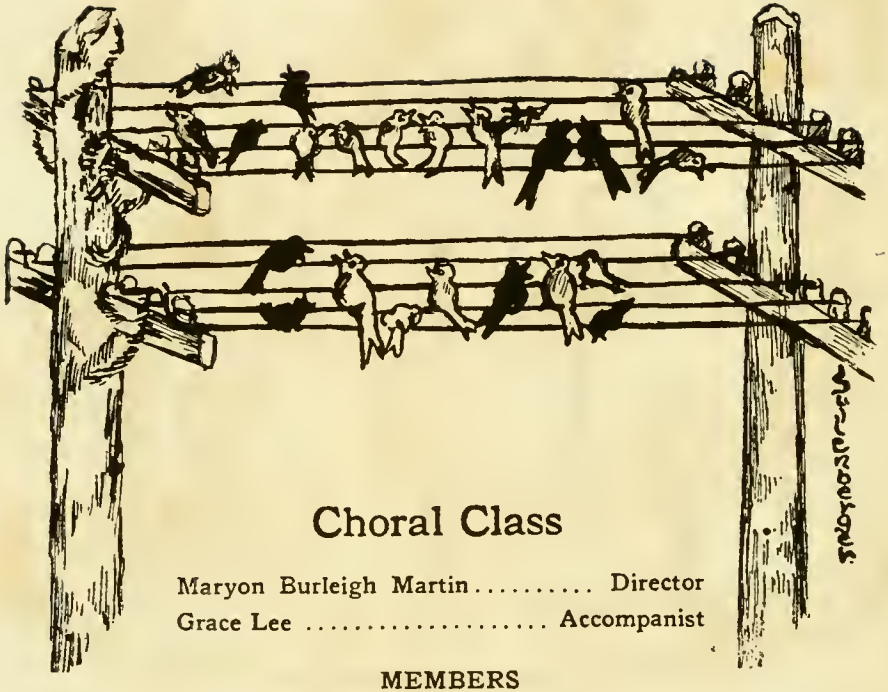
OFFICERS

Kathryn Baldwin ..... President
Dorothy Sutton ..... Vice-President
Aileene Highland ..... Secretary and Treasurer

MEMBERS

Kathryn Baldwin
Nena Crocker
Elsie Curtis
Aileene Highland
Frances Jones
Dixie Merrick
Madeleine Miller
Evelyn Miles
Dorothy Sutton
Gertrude Turner

Carle Voss



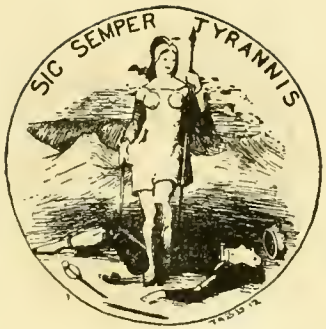
Choral Class

Maryon Burleigh Martin ..... Director
Grace Lee ..... Accompanist

MEMBERS

Jessie Adreon
Mary Lou Bell
Harriet Bolton
Mary Sue Bowman
Bessie Browning
Hester Busey
Cornelia Christian
Eunice DeWitt
Elizabeth Eaton
Eleanor Etter
Dorothy Guy
Helen Heard
Anita Herron
Katherine Johnson
Grace Lee
Alberta Lockhart
Lillian McCulloch
Elizabeth McDowell
Louise McFarland
Mary MacLeod
Catherine McLean
Evelyn Miles
Mary Wine Miller
Miriam Ney
Mary Preston
Mary Shuster
Janette Stowers
Hazel Swanson
Gertrude Turner
Helen Vickery
Carle Voss
Hildegarde Wangemann
Marguerite Weller
Lucie Woodward

F. Blackburn
VIRGINIA CLUB



Virginia Club

Motto
"Sic Semper Tyrannis"

Colors
Orange and Blue

Grace Lee ..... President

MEMBERS IN FACULTY

Miss Weimar
Miss Garrett
Miss Higgins
Miss Meetze
Miss McFarland
Miss Lyons
Miss A. Riddle
Miss J. Riddle
Miss Streit
Miss M. Riddle
Miss Strickler
Miss Shawen
Miss Smithey
Miss Williamson

ACTIVE MEMBERS

Katherine Adkerson
Dorothy Burwell
Nell Baylor
Bessie Browning
Hester Busey
Alma Campbell
Nena Crocker
Elsie Curtis
Huldah Daniel
Augusta Glass
Ailcie Glenn
Louise Goodloe
Dorothy Guy
Helen Heard
Harland Johnson
Gladys Lynn
Grace Lee
May Lindsay
Margaret P. Miller
Margaret L. Miller
Miriam Ney
Edith Pitts
Ruth Prescott
Mary Preston
Dorothy Rouse
Mildred Searson
Edith Searson
Ellen Scott
Grace Sorg
Margaret St. Clair
Sidney Simmerman
Elizabeth Todd
Stella Thompson
Mary Turpin
Agnes Willis

West Virginia Club

Ida Bocock Smith ..... President

MEMBERS

Edith Archibald

Mary Boyd

Kathleen Elliott

Hallie Fleisher

Minnie Gray

Aileene Highland

Katherine Johnson

Dorothea Meyers

Frances Sieg

Nancy Smith

Ida Bocock Smith

Grace Sutherland

Tennessee Club

OFFICERS

Elizabeth McDowell ..... President

Alva Blackburn .....Secretary and Treasurer

MEMBERS

Marguerite Boyd

Lucile Brasfield

Alva Blackburn

Mary Harding Buckner

Catherine McLean

Augusta Malloy

Elizabeth McDowell

Amelia Shepherd

Zena Tutwiler

Marion White

Pennsylvania Club

OFFICERS

Gladys Humbert ..... President
Dorothy Wall ..... Vice-President
Helen Vickery ..... Treasurer
Sarah Henne ..... Secretary

MEMBERS

Margery Deffenbaugh
Eleanor Etter
Ruth Finley
Margaret Finley
Anna Green
Sarah Henne
Elisabeth Hodge
Gladys Humbert
Madeleine Miller
Mary Shuster
Helen Vickery
Dorothy Wall
Hilda Witty

Texas Club

OFFICERS

Charlotte Wray ..... President
Gladys Brice ..... Vice-President
Mary West ..... Treasurer
Marguerite Weller ..... Secretary

MEMBERS

Mary Louise Barrett
Gladys Brice
Beatrice Hill
Minnie Lee Sharp
Mary West
Marguerite Weller
Charlotte Wray

Illinois Club

Beatrice Suffern ..... President

MEMBERS

Caroline Barrows

Katherine Hainline

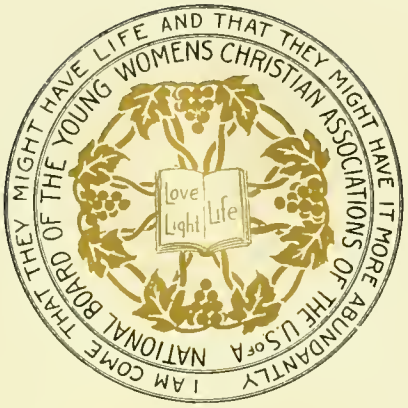
Dixie Merrick

Katherine Pride

Beatrice Suffern

Ione Staley

Gertrude Turner


THAT THEY MIGHT HAVE LIFE AND THAT THEY MIGHT HAVE IT MORE ABUNDANTLY
NATIONAL BOARD OF THE YOUNG WOMENS CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATIONS OF THE U.S. OF A
I AM COME
Love
Light
Life

Y. W. C. A.

Miss Mattoon	Advisory Member
Ida Bocock Smith	President
Elizabeth Butler	Vice-President
Louise Amis	Secretary
Elizabeth Cecil Bottom	Treasurer
Annie Cobb	Chairman of the Religious Meetings Committee
Elizabeth Billingslea	Chairman of Social Committee
Augusta Malloy	Chairman of Missionary Committee
Dorothy Booth	Chairman of Room Committee
Mary Preston	Chairman of Music Committee

IN MEMORIAM

On the twenty-fourth of July, 1914, our friend and schoolmate, Sara Kathryn Colvig, passed from earthly scenes to her heavenly home. Gifted with a beautiful voice, she was graduated from the Department of Vocal Music, with highest honors, last May. Loved by a devoted family and large circle of friends in her home, Wheeling, West Virginia, she gained many other friends and admirers at the M. B. S. Joyous and social in disposition, loving fun as every normal school girl does, there was a deep undercurrent of religious aspiration and devotion in her character, evidenced by these resolutions that were found within her Bible.

"She being dead, yet speaketh."

FIRST—Resolved, That I will try to overcome selfishness.
SECOND—I will try to be more careful when talking to my friends, not to say the things that will go "deeper than I think."
THIRD—I'll try to control my temper.
FOURTH—Try to be glad of as many things as I can.
FIFTH—Try to overcome jealousy at all times.
SIXTH—Try to be better to my dear parents and family.
SEVENTH—Try to be brave and smile at all times.
EIGHTH—Try to lead a better Christian life and think more of my dear Savior, Jesus Christ.
These Resolutions made February 19, 1914, and shall be my guide in life.

Sara Kathryn Colvig,
M. B. S.
Staunton,
Virginia

IN MEMORIAM

Joseph A. Waddell

Born March 19, 1823

Died February 17, 1914

The Honorable Joseph Addison Waddell, LL. D.

Doctor Joseph Addison Waddell, the senior member of the Board of Trustees, of the Seminary, died February 17, 1914, within a month of his ninety-first birthday. He had known the Seminary intimately from its beginning, had been one of its trustees for nearly sixty years, and for many years had been the Secretary of the Board. It was at his suggestion, and by his influence that Miss Baldwin and Miss McClung, to whom the institution owed the beginning of its prosperity, were secured as associate Principals. He was the confidential adviser of the successive Principals. No more ardent, unselfish or capable counsellor could have been found than he was, and he left the impress of his judgment and devotion on everything connected with the school. At the request of the Board of Trustees, he prepared and published a history of the Seminary. The chapel is named for him "Waddell Chapel," and that name will be retained when the new chapel is built.

Doctor Waddell was an unusual man, in his literary attainments, his integrity, candor, warmth of affection and piety, and throughout his life rendered distinguished services, as a statesman, a churchman and a historian.

It was a benediction to the school to have for so many years the friendship, services, prayers and example of such a man.

Student Association

of the

Mary Baldwin Seminary

OFFICERS

Virginia W. Switzer ..... President

Ida Bocock Smith ..... Vice-President

Elizabeth Bottom ..... Secretary and Treasurer

MEMBERS OF THE EXECUTIVE BOARD

Louise Amis
Elizabeth Bottom
Elizabeth Butler
Dorothy Booth
Caroline Barrows
Elizabeth Billingslea
Gladys Brice
Cornelia Christian
Mildred Dull
Kathleen Elliott
Mary Erwin
Jessie Gregg
Martha Garrett
Marjorie Jenkins
Janet Morris
Elizabeth McDowell
Mary Wine Miller
Mary Preston
Sara Price
Edith Pitts
Ida Bocock Smith
Agnes Slemons
Janette Stowers
Ellen Scott
Virginia Switzer
Elizabeth Wheeler

BOOK IV

School Life

To one who enters into our school-life, enjoys sharing with us our many pleasures, and seems personally interested in each girl, to Miss Nellie Carson Smithey, we express our appreciation.

Retrospect

I.

Both new and old the girls trooped in,
The summer days were o'er;
They came to M. B. S. again,
To knowledge's golden store.

II.

Now friendships lasting were begun,
All on a Saturday night,
When Y. W. C. A. a welcome gave
That filled all with delight.

III.

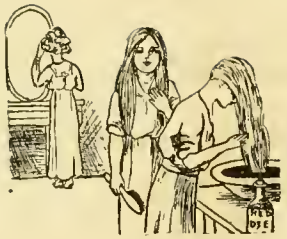
The delegates back from Blue Ridge.
Which lies in the old "Tarheel" state,
Gave their report one Sunday night
Of things inspiring to relate.

IV.

"The noise has grown atrocious. girls,"
We were plainly told one day.
"Now, can the movies once a week
Your gratitude repay?"

V.

"Broadway Jones" slipped in right there,
Which we were glad to see;
Our joy was doubled when we returned,
For Senior Lit. was giving a tea.



VI.

Then Mr. King's red head picnic
With all its glorious fare
Brought glee to maids with sun-kissed locks;
We'd DYE for auburn hair!

VII.

On October the seventeenth
We were in the chapel arrayed,
For the first soirée of the season was given,
In which Misses Bell and Martin played.

VIII.

The Seniors to the Freshmen gave
A wedding full of fun;
The holiday that followed next
Brought glee to everyone.

IX.

Oh, who has pledged that girl this morn?
What club pin does she wear?
And exclamations such as these
On Pledge Day filled the air.

X.

The Girls' Parlor was decorated
Just for the Hallowe'en tea;
Specially fine were the tables that night
Of TDS, COD, KEY, DFG.

XI.

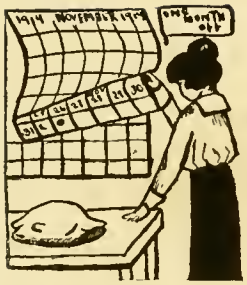
A recital was on November the sixth
By Herr Schmidt and Miss McClymonds
presented;
The program was so thoroughly enjoyed
That, for going, no one repented.

XII.

One frosty morning in the fall
Mlle's room was a sight to view;
As the girls were knitting gloves
For soldiers across the sea, so blue.

XIII.

Another treat was in store for us,
On the day of November thirteen;
For then we saw "The Prodigal Judge,"
Oh, was a show ever gladder seen?



XIV.

Thanksgiving and its turkey came,
And set us all to packing;
For Xmas, long looked forward to,
Was only one month lacking.

XV.

The German dance was glorious,
And we were glad to go;
We laughed and tripped around the gym
"On the light fantastic toe."

XVI.

On Dec. 2nd from four to six
The parlors were filled with guests;
The occasion was a wondrous tea
For Staunton Alumnæ of M. B. S.

XVII.

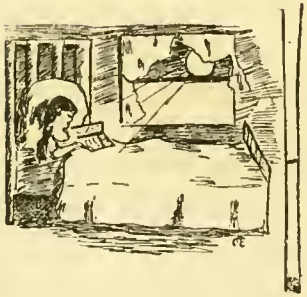
Miss Weimar to the faculty gave
An invitation to a party,
It was a turkey supper rare
Of which they partook so hearty.

XVIII.

A few days after this event
Joy reigned throughout the school;
For the girls were surely going home,
Unmindful there of bell and rule.

XIX.

Then after coming back to work
We received true pleasure rare;
For who with Kaspar's violin
In any measure can compare?



XX.

Next come those long-dreaded exams,
A bugbear to us all!
When we did show the store of
knowledge
We'd gathered in the fall.

XXI.

St. Valentine had tribute rare
To him this year allotted;
Two teas were given, when the parlor walls
With his darts and hearts were dotted.

XXII.

The opera house called soon again;
'Twas "The Trail of the Lonesome Pine"
That held the girls enthralled, and made
Them come back saying, "'Twas fine."

XXIII.

The Annual board is gifted
With a great dramatic art;
They gave a play to raise some funds,
We liked it from the start.

XXIV.

Our holiday of Feb. twenty-six
Was ended in a glorious way;
For the choral opera came that night
And fully did our time repay.

XXV.

Soireés came so quick, you know,
In the month of Mars,
That all things else forgotten were,
Even the rumors of wars.

XXVI.

First came Professor Schmidt's,
Miss McClymonds' followed fast,
Then next to these, in procession gay,
Misses Bell's and Martin's passed.

XXVII.

The spring comes on with breathless rush,
And winter slips away;
The fresh new things are springing up
From winter's bleak decay.

XXVIII.

Now shall we be outdone by spring
And wear old suits of black?
Oh, no! we all flit out in white
The winter clothes we pack.

XXIX.

Oh, HOLIDAY is a glorious thing!
  Loved by school girls far and near,
In April we put our books aside,
  And for a time forget all care.

XXX.

Some went on distant (?) trips,
  Others stayed right here,
And spent the time in rides and jaunts
  Which left them memories dear.

XXXI.

All year the girls have worked and tried
  Their talents to assemble;
So when "the day" at last did come
  They Paderewski could resemble.

XXXII.

First of the graduates were these:
  K. Elliott, M. Preston, M. Dull;
Their art was of such wondrous kind
  All our pain 'twould surely lull.

XXXIII.

The BLUESTOCKING just came from press.
One bright morning in May;
The girls eagerly crowded around,
For this was their red-letter day.

XXXIV.

On every porch, on all the steps,
In every corner and nook,
Were maidens, with attentive air
All poring o'er the book.

XXXV.

The next recital was as good
As that which went before;
A. Slemons, L. Amis and Mary Miller
Received a great encore.

XXXVI.

Jessie Gregg and Martha Garrett,
Joined with Janette Stowers,
Enthralled us so by their music
We'd listen to them for hours.

XXXVII.

The daughters of dear M. B. S.,
  Who are forever true,
Came back again from near and far
  Sweet mem'ries to renew.

XXXVIII.

The time drew near, we'd looked for long,
  A time of smile and tear;
It brought the gay Commencement,
  Which closed our happy year.

XXXIX.

Oh, day of days, the last day came,
  And to a chosen few
They gave diplomas, to denote
  That their school work was through.

XL.

The days have gone, ah, M. B. S.!
  But not the mem'ries dear
Of all the girls and joyous times,
  Within your walls this year.

MUTT AND JEFF AT M. B. S.

A DARK DAY IN THE HISTORY OF M. B. S.

M. B. S. Primer

LESSON I

annual	Saturday
unhappy	editor

Where is that tall girl going this Saturday morning? The tall girl is going to an annual board meeting. She does not look happy. Why does she look so unhappy? No, the girl does not look happy, for duty calls. Duty calls, for the annual must go to print, and the girl is an Editor. What is an Editor? An Editor is a poor, sad, put-upon being whom everyone blames. Oh, I am glad that I am not an Editor. I would not want to be so unhappy. I would not want to go every Saturday to an annual board meeting. I am happy, for I am not an Editor.

LESSON II

book	key
history	struggle

Mary is looking out of the library door. The hall is deserted. There is no one in the hall. Mary wants a book from the library. The book is in the book-case. The book-case is by the door. The door leads into the library. Mary wants the book. She must study her history lesson. Mary will take the book to her room. Poor Mary! she is mistaken. The book-case is locked. Mary struggles with the book-case. Why doesn't she get a key? Miss Streit will not give Mary the key. Miss Streit wants the book herself. Poor Mary! she will miss her history lesson.

LESSON III

appendicitis	home
removed	dreadful

What is the matter with the girl? The girl is sick. Is the girl much sick? Yes, the girl is very sick. The doctor looks grave. The girl is lying doubled up in a knot. The doctor says she has appendicitis. How dreadful! No, it is not so dreadful. The girl will have to go home. The girl's mother, father, and sister are at home. The girl's sweetheart is at home. Yes, the girl will have to go home. Her appendix will be removed, and the girl will be so happy. The girl will have such a lovely time at home with her mother, father, sister and sweetheart. Then at home the girl will not have any lessons. It is fine at home with no lessons to study. Yes, the girl is glad that she has appendicitis. It is stylish. So many have it at M. B. S.

LESSON IV

twin	Weimar
uniform	grey

There is a window. What do you see in the window? I see some oranges and an apple. The oranges are yellow. The apple is red. And I see two girls. The girls are twins. Twins? Yes. Their hair is brown. Are they wearing hats? Yes, their hats are so pretty. Their hats are exactly alike. They are a modest grey. The hats have grey silk on them. The twins seem to like their hats. The twins have on black suits.

Oh! they are not twins. They are Baldwin girls. If the girls are not twins, why do they dress alike? The girls have on their uniforms. The girls love their uniforms so much. They wear their uniforms whenever Miss Weimar will let them. Does Miss Weimar let them wear them to church? If they are good all week, she lets them wear their uniforms to church.

LESSON V

library	Streit
practice-hall	dancing

Why did Miss Streit leave the library just now? Miss Streit heard a noise. The noise was on the practice-hall. Who made the noise on the practice-hall? The girls made the noise on the practice-hall. What were they doing? They were dancing and singing beautiful rag-time on the practice-hall. Why do they sing and dance on practice-hall? The floor is so nice and slick, and Miss Streit likes them to dance, that is why they were dancing. Why did Miss Streit leave in such a hurry? Because she did not want to miss any of the dancing. Miss Streit wanted to watch the girls while they were dancing so gracefully. Will the girls let her watch them? Yes, the girls are delighted when she watches them dancing on practice-hall.

Faculty Microscope

Time—The Present Place—The Chapel Cast—Some of the Faculty

CONVERSATION HEARD OUTSIDE OF CHAPEL.

First girl—"The faculty plates have come."

Second girl—"Let's go up in chapel to see them." (Girls enter Chapel.)

Faculty in chorus—"This is a private microscope, not to be interfered with by you girls. You might get it out of focus." Thus it was left to some of the faculty.

NAME	SHE IS	SHE THINKS SHE IS	CHIEF ATTRACTION	FAVORITE SAYING	SHE WANTS TO BE	SHE PROBABLY WILL BE	SHE IS USUALLY FOUND
Miss Barbour	Our friend	Does she think?	Helpfulness	"Discuss and illustrate fully"	Useful	Editor	At photographer's
Miss Bell	Timid	Easily embarrassed	Originality	"Oh! My dear, ja. ja."	A German	An American	With Miss Martin
Miss Garrett	A nurse	A doctor	White Uniform	"Go get your things and go to bed."	A suffragist	A suffragette	In Miss Shawen's room
Miss Higgins	Good looking	We don't know what she thinks	Manner	"Now, young ladies."	Where duty calls	There	Out calling
Miss Hurlburt	Small	An assigner of long lessons	Her knowledge	"We will go botany walking if it doesn't rain."	Accommodating	Blown up in laboratory	In Chemistry Lab.
Miss Latane	Fond of assigning outside reading	Busy	Brown	"Now, girls—"	A walking encyclopedia	Here a long time	Book store
Miss Lyons	From Tazewell	From Tazewell	Tales of Tazewell	"In Tazewell we—"	In Tazewell	In Tazewell next summer	Writing to Tazewell
Miss McFarland	Attractive	Impatient	Thoughtfulness of others	"Yes, dear, certainly."	A good cook	Writing Alumnae Notes for the Miscellany	Where she belongs

NAME	SHE IS	SHE THINKS SHE IS	CHIEF ATTRACTION	FAVORITE SAYING	SHE WANTS TO BE	SHE PROBABLY WILL BE	SHE IS USUALLY FOUND
Mademoiselle	French	French	Wit	"Go to sit down"	A play-wright	The same	In her class room
Miss Martin	English	Happy	Voice	"Come have a dish of tea at five o'clock,"	In New York	Elsewhere	With Miss Bell
Miss Anne Riddle	The little sister	Disturbed by noises	Library excuses	"You two in? All right"	Quiet	Disappointed	In Miss McFarland's room
Miss Martha Riddle	Wonderful	Falling short of her aim	Her inspiration to others	"Miss Weimar wishes me to say—"	Of service	Adored	At work
Miss Smithey	Popular	Cashier	Personality	"You can't go, you have demerits."	Fat	Thin	On the tennis court
Miss Streit	Conscientious	Too extravagant	Ability to find references	"Those noisy girls"	Helpful	The same	In the library
Miss Weimar	Our Principal	Donor of holidays	Her sense of humor	"Run along, run along"	Undisturbed before morning chapel	Disturbed	In unexpected places
Miss Williamson	Chaperon	Strict	Flower purchaser	"If any of you have reference books that belong in the locked cases, give them to me."	Always on hand	Going to the dentist	Giving out mail
Madame Zeeck	Sympathetic	Far from Deutschland	Friendliness	"Sprechen Sie Deutsch?"	In Deutschland	At M. B. S.	Out walking

Miss Martin Conducts a Choral Class

All rise, and sing number 323.

Helen, haven't I told you not to wear that gray sweater around your shoulders? If you are cold enough to wear it at all, you must put it on, and not have it hanging in that careless manner.

Now, Abbie, please play over the hymn. Hattie, you and Virginia stop talking! I will have to separate you if you don't.

Sadie, you are late again. Where have you been? Waiting to bring Dr. Fraser? Don't you suppose he has been here often enough to know his way up here alone?

Anne, what have you been doing? I know you have been up to something, you look so self-conscious.

Now all ready! Sing the first verse.

* * * * * * * * *

That was very good. Mary, what are you thinking about? You have such a far away look on your face.

Now, Edith and Nellie, come out to the front of the rostrum, and sing the next verse as a duet. Let your voices come out as strongly as you can.

* * * * * * * * *

Very good, Abbie, why do you keep fidgetting so? Your feet hurt? I am not surprised. I told you not to get those small shoes.

Haven't Eugenie and Theresa come yet? Those bad children! they are always late. Probably they stopped on the way to play awhile. Nannie, will you go and see if you can find them, and bring them as soon as possible?

Let us all repeat the second verse while we are waiting for them.

* * * * * * * * *

Jessie, you are not singing at all. You are not even trying. I am afraid you don't take much interest in your choral work.

Martha, stop giggling! Indeed, you surprise me. You know I never allow any such misbehavior.

Maud, why are you so late? Didn't you find the note I left you, saying "Come to Chapel?"

Put down your pencil, Laura. I have told you time and time again not to scribble in choral class.

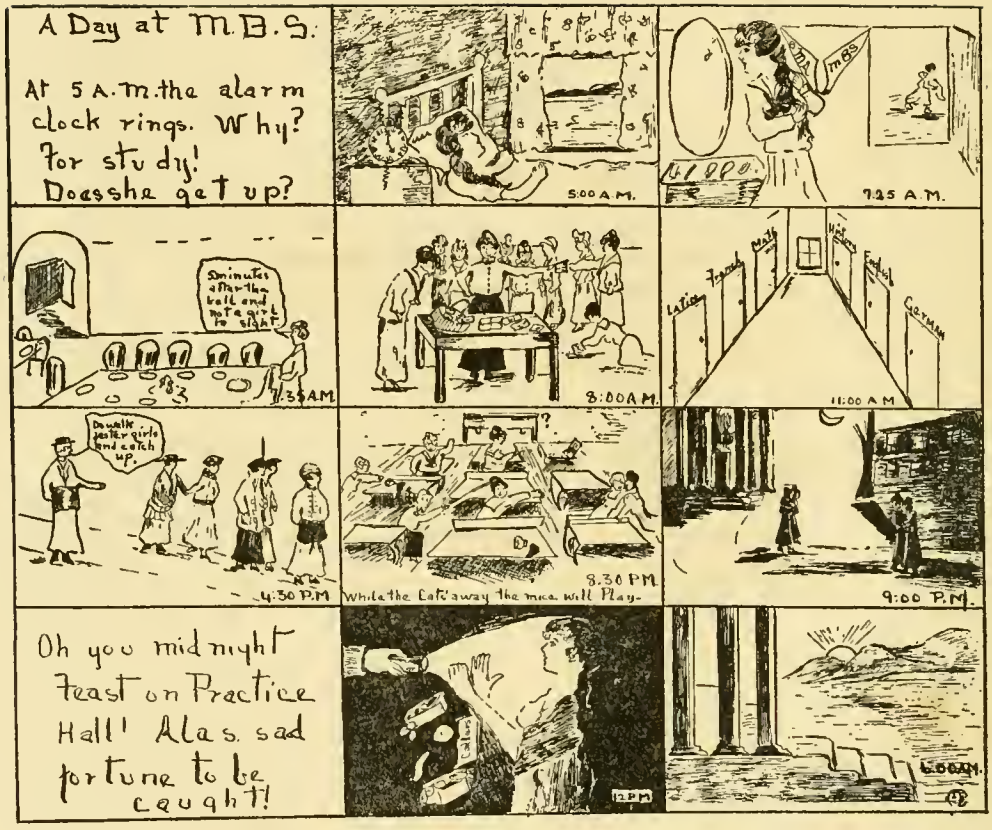
Now we will all join in the third verse. Don't any of you be afraid to sing out. Mary, I mean that especially for you. Don't look so scared.

And Lydia and Catherine, do stop leaning on the piano. You do that every time we have choral class, and you can't half sing that way.

Marianna, I have asked you several times not to bring that vanity case. You surely do not expect to use it in chapel, do you?

Really, I am astonished at you, Anna. You are getting too extravagant. Every day you have a bag of candy. Do try to be more economical.

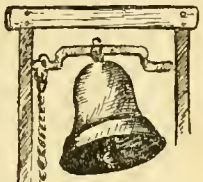
Will one of you tell Nannie that I have had no excuse for her absence, and she will have to go to office on Saturday. I cannot excuse anyone without an excuse from the infirmary.


A Day at M.B.S.
At 5 A.M. the alarm clock rings. Why? For study! Does she get up?
5:00 A.M.
7:25 A.M.
5 minutes after the bell and not a girl in sight
7:35 AM
8:00 A.M.
Latin
French
Math
History
English
German
11:00 A.M.
Double yeller girls and catch up.
4:30 P.M.
8:30 PM
While the Cat's away the mice will Play-
9:00 P.M.
Oh you midnight feast on Practice Hall! Alas, sad fortune to be caught!
12PM
6:00 A.M.

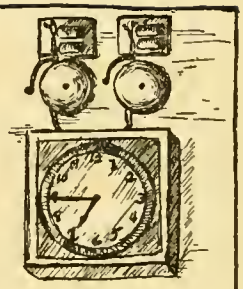
Who Is She?

Why, there's Jimmie all dressed up in her new hat.
But, my goodness! Margaret's furs are next to that;
Grace's shoes are on her feet,
And that skirt looks so neat,
Why! it's mine.

But there's Polly's suitcase, so it must be she;
Still that parasol she has belongs to Bea;
You can't judge her by her clothes,
Or the powder on her nose.
Who is she?



The Bell



"Take your time, take your time,"
Slowly chimed the proud old bell,
'You'll ne'er be late, you'll ne'er be late,"
For the girls rush down pell-mell.

Thus it was in the early morn
When we to our breakfast hurried,
To chapel were sent, or to classes
With minds perplexed and worried.

Or to soirées in line did file
In dresses neat and white,
Or when we went to study-hall
Or were reminded of the light.

Now you rarely hear its call,
For others have taken its place;
"You'll all be late, you'll all be late,"
They chatter, and quicken our pace.

They hurry us in the early morn,
They hurry us the whole day through,
But why don't they help us along
And hurry the lessons too?

Jokes

Jean—"When did you last hear from Paul?"
Augusta—"Not since that last letter."

"Bottom"—(In Mr. King's office)—"Diz, hand me my envelope."
Diz—"What's your name, Bottom?"

D. Sutton—"I live in the suburbs of New York."
Alva—"Where—Buffalo?"

Miss Strickler—(in Latin class)—"Where are we told that Caesar had an Irish wife?"
Class—"We didn't know he did."
Miss Strickler—"Why, yes. When he reached the Rubicon, he proposed to bridge-it."

"Bobbie" Lochridge (translating French)—"Three of the men had green beards and blond robes."

Edith (discussing war)—"What side are you on?"
Marshall—"Neither; I'm neuter."

Casey Goodloe every day
Stops in Hill Top on her way;
Is it Chubby, is it Bea
That this maiden comes to see?
My! you're foolish!
Oh-h! whiz!
Don't you know that it's Liz?

M. L. Miller—"Why not go up by water and return by boat?"

Marion White—"Oh! I just love those big apartment stores."

Pauline—"What is it about your pictures you don't like?"
G. Lee—"They're too much like me."

Miss Strickler—"What does the Bible say about cleanliness?"
Huldah—"Cleanliness is next to godliness."

Miss Smithey (out walking)—"Margaret, turn off by the men's Y. W. C. A."

Miss Weimar—"Come on, Abby, get in the clothes basket and amuse Mary Nelson."

Madame Zeeck—"Pronounce z, zt, ss."
Class—"Zzzzsss."
Mr. King (passing)—"Madame Zeeck, is something wrong with your radiator?"

Grace (at feast)—"Did you ever see so many crackers in your life?"
Anne—"Yes, on the Fourth of July."

Ellen—"I just hate that old clock in our hall at home."
Ida—"Why?"
Ellen—"Sometimes on a moonlight night when we're sitting out on the porch, it strikes too soon."

Ruby Stephenson—"Miss Streit, you must get awfully rich selling stamps."

G. Brice—"Oh, Virginia, come go up to the library with me. I want to find a picture of the north pole."

Miss Hurlburt—"Name the varieties of Amorphous Carbon."
Elsie—"Lampblack, boneblack, bootblack."

Miss S.—"I heard Tipperary on the victrola today, and he's just fine."

Dorothy Rouse—"I don't think I shall stop swimming after all."
Elsie—"Why?"
Dorothy—"Because Miss McClymonds said I had made more process than anyone in the class."

Bea—"I thought we were going to have chicken for dinner to-day."
Sallie—"Why?"
Bea—"Because I heard them killing the chickens and I could hear them crying in English."

Miss Smithey—"Mercy! What was that noise?"
"Sunny"—"Oh! I just dropped a perpendicular."

D. Burwell (after receiving his pin as a "token" of his "alma mater")—"I wonder if that's a good fraternity."

Hazel Spencer, (returning from performance of Old Curiosity Shop)—"I always did think Shakespeare was tiresome."

Miss Barbour to Miss Latané (seeing two girls coming from Miss Smithey's room)—"May be if we'd get sick some girls would come to see us."
Miss Barbour (to Ida and Ellen)—"Would you all get sick if I came to see you?"

Mary Erwin—"Miss Meetze is painting Trinity Church."
Mary Harding (much puzzled)—"How? Inside or out?"
M. Erwin—"Not the church itself—a picture."

Miss Latané (in American History)—"When did Benjamin Franklin die?"

Annie Belle Dean (after reading biography)—"He didn't die in my book."

Madame Zeeck—"Do you know what time the show begins to-night?"
Margaret—"Nein."
Miss Morse (standing by)—"Oh! surely not that late."

Annah Ruckman (reading Woodrow Wilson's Life of Washington)—"Washington became very angry when the hoofs of the horse which Mrs. Wilson was to ride had not been polished."
Miss Latané—"You mean Mrs. Washington's, don't you?
Annah—"No'm, the horse's."

Helen—"Miss Martin, is the table going walking this afternoon?"

Miss Latané (illustrating a certain point)—"Is it an accident that I'm a truthful person?"
Alva—"Yes'm."

Virginia—"I think it would be a cute idea to have some one write a parody on Shakespeare's 'Charge of the Light Brigade.' "

Mary Preston—"I want a mirror."
Gus—"Here's a good looking glass."

Gertrude—"What Math are you taking?"
Louise—"Algebra."
Gertrude—"Plane or solid?"

Luise A.—"Miss Streit, I want to look up Julius Cæsar. Do I look under the Julius or the Cæsars?"

Eunice—"Who is your star pupil in swimming?"

Miss McClymonds—"Elise. She can swim the whole length of the pool in one stroke."

E. Bottom—"I simply couldn't get the eleventh problem."

Miss Smithey—"What part didn't you understand?"

E. Bottom—"I don't know the distance between one mile post and the next."

Miss McFarland (in Algebra)—"Ellen, what is the next step?"

Ellen Simmerman (thinking of going home Christmas)—"Eighteenth of December."

Huldah (discussing how to dress on train)—"I think a goatee would be the very thing."

Miss Martha Riddle (in History)—"Draw a picture of the poor soldiers; their emaciated faces, their ragged, threadbare uniforms, etc."

Gladys Lynn—"When shall we hand these pictures in?"

Miss Williamson (taking some girls through the University)—"These girls wish to see Poe's room. May I take them in?"

Janitor (looking at closed door)—"I don't believe he's in right now, ma'am."

"Who was the first man to sign the Declaration of Independence?"

D. Sutton—"John Bull."

"Why are these jokes painless?"

"I don't know. Why?"

"Because you don't hurt yourself laughing."

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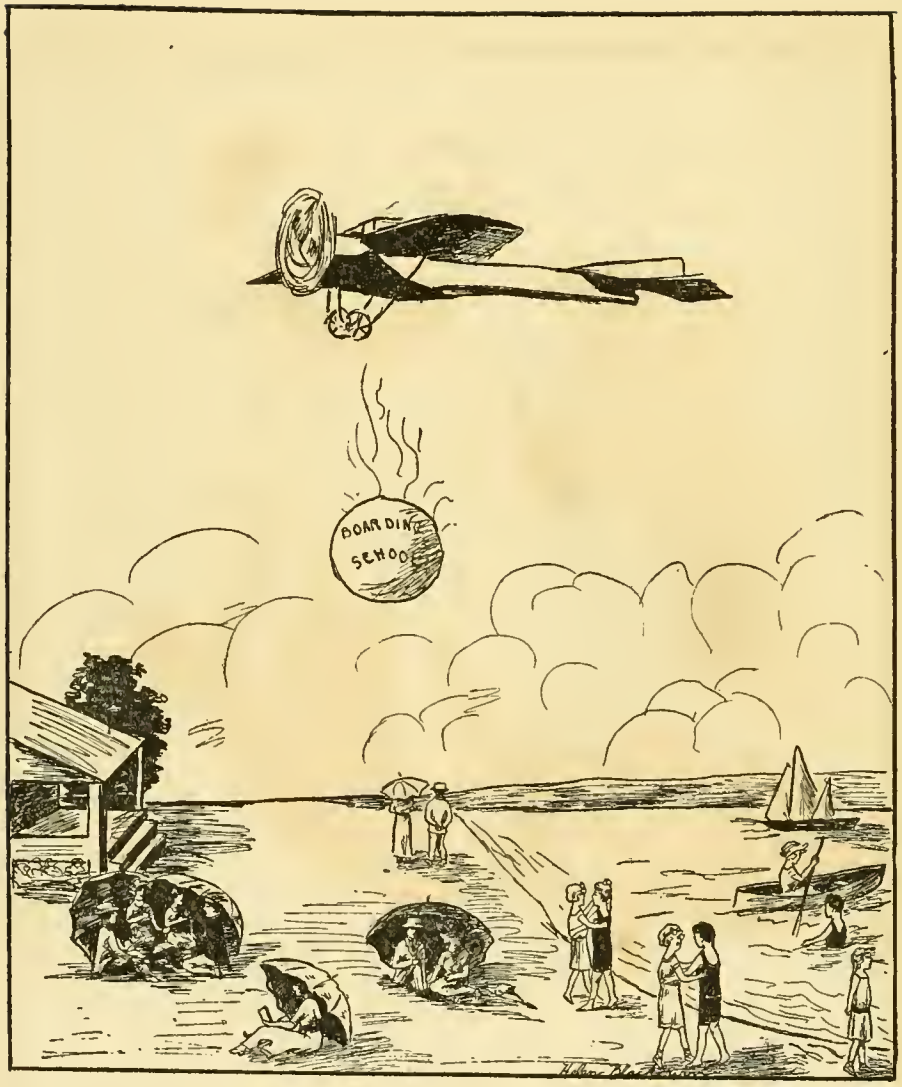
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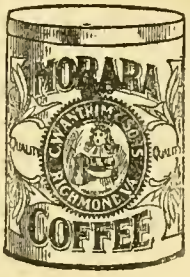

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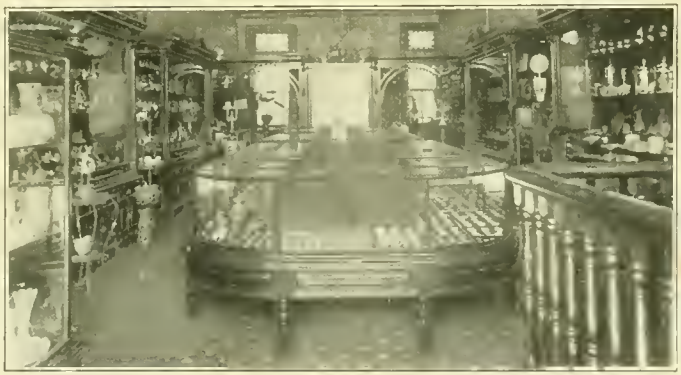

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